A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, October 7. 1708.

WHAT a Dog is this *Banſters* now? *Says a ſwaggering Fellow*, that told us at the Beginning of the Siege of *Liſle*, we ſhould carry it Sword in hand, as it were——I would have that bullying Fellow us'd like a Dog, Prince *Eugene* ſhould give him no Quarter— He a Soldier, he's a Deſperade, a Fellow, that keeping out of the Breach himſelf, only ſet the Men there to butcher one another—— It's plain, his Deſign was meer Murther and Deſtruction of our Men; if he had capitulated, when the Counterſcarp was taken, as all Governors do he ſhould have been well treated——— But this Way of holding Out was purely a Deſign of his, only to butcher and deſtroy our Men—and ſacrificing his Garriſon purely for that Purpoſe. He's a Dog, a meer Dog, a true bloody *French* Man, a Cut-throat, a Papiſt, a Bully, let him be hang'd, cut a-pieces, give him no Quarter—A Dog, give him no Quarter——— He have Quarter! He ſhould have no Quarter, but to be quarter'd upon the Breach— *Patchul* him—Had we but a *Gothick* General, he would be us'd like himſelf.

Review. This is a Dialect, my mad Man is fitter to anſwer than I; *where are you, Lunatick?*

Mad Man. Always ready at a dead Lift. *Maſter Review*, pray, why muſt I anſwer him?

Rev. He

Rev. He talks something like your Fraternity, and I think, you would do well together.

M. I think he is fitter to talk *to you*, for I am not mad enough for you sometimes, and cannot run your Length; this Man is madder by half than I, and will fit you to a Hair; he is mighty fit for your Conversation—Or perhaps, if he is not now, he will be quickly, when the P.....t sits; for then we are like to have some mad Doings, and you may want an Auxiliary, mad Man.

Rev. Hush, Bedlam! if you are not mad enough now, you will be mad enough then; I don't know, but I may be mad my self then; I dare say, there will be Work will make a soberer Man than I mad—— And I resolve not to spare them, but to tell the biggest of them their own, coft what it will———

M. Nay, then you will be mad indeed.

Rev. I'll say nothing but the Truth, Man.

M. Truth, Man! why then you will be distracted, *Man!* For none but distracted Men will speak Truth to such People, *unless it be Truth that they like.*

Rev. Nay, I believe, they will hardly like the Truths I shall speak to them— But it is all alike to me, I shall fear none of them———

M. The madder still——But will you talk of something else, for I think, your Zeal begins to rise already with *bare talking* of it; adjourn, adjourn, and let's come to my Brother Lunatick, and the Mareschal *Bouffleurs.*

Rev. Well, what say you to him?

M. Nay, before I talk to him, let me know who he is; I don't use to talk to People before I know them——

Rev. I name no Names; but if you will know him by his Likeness, you may find it in a great many Places.

M. Where, pray?———

Rev. Go to ..... *Coffee House*, when the Hurry of *Pick-Pocket-Fair* is over, and the Stock-Jobbers begin to talk News, and enquire there for the three corner'd Club. —There you may see a tall Thing with a *High-Flyers* Forehead, a *Whigs* Countenance, a senseless Nose, and a dissembling Chin———

M. Mad Stuff! What a Description is this?

Rev. A wandering Head, a Stock-jobbing Tongue, a K——s Thought, and a Fools Voice; do you think you can know him now?———

M. No more than you'd know a Cock-Magpy.

Rev. Why then go to the Assembly of Divines, in close Concert with a *Non-juran Rebellion*—For the Support of the Church—*Not one Clergy Man that owns the Churches Constitution being able to defend her.* Enquire there for the Angel *Gabriel*, a dark Seraph in Ecclesiastick Dress, with cloven Heart, confus'd Head, noisie Tongue, Orthodox in Dress, Hetrodox in Practice, Atheistical in Notion, Heretical in Doctrine, loose in Life, prophane in Speech, and distracted in Politicks———Do you know him now?

M. Not a Jot more than before.

Rev. You are Moon-blind then——Come hither, I'll show you him exactly. Go away to *Smirna*—and enquire for *Colonel Bluster*, and my Lord *ABJAK*, they generally stand together in a right Line from the great Looking-Glass, that they may see if their Mouths make a good Figure when they talk Nonsence——The *Colonel*, bred to Arms, *understands Sieges*; he has made a great

great many Attacks in the *Mall*—and at Mrs. ——, and always takes her by Storm; so knows exactly, that *Liſle* could not hold out above 12 Days open Trenches; don't tell him of Prince *Eugene*, Prince *Eugene* does not underſtand his Buſineſs, if he does not take the Counterſcarp in 8 Days and a half, and 4 Hours after the firſt Fire of the Batteries exactly—And if HE were to command the Siege, he would anſwer for it with his Head, (*a moſt valuable Thing*) that he would have made Monſieur *Bouffleurs* have beat the *Chamade* in two Days after taking the Counterſcarp: My Lord backs this immediately with his own Experience; his Lordſhip has made 13 Campaigns in *Chocolate*—and his fought ten pitch'd Battles at *Pickets*, with the moſt experienc'd Soldiers of the Age, and he gives it upon his Honour, d—mn him, if Monſieur *Bouffleurs* can hold out the Town above 14 Days.

Now all theſe People being deceiv'd, and the Town of *Liſle* having held out Storm after Storm, refuſing to capitulate, and ſo to the laſt Extremity, as we all know to our Sorrow, now the Tone is chang'd, and this Dog *Bouffleurs* muſt be hang'd; the great Colonel aforeſaid, *that Son of Thunder*, is for mauling him, for holding out *beyond the Rules of War*, as he calls it——The *Doctor* is for having him maltreated for a bloody-minded Man—— The Stock-Jobber hates him for loſing his Wagers, and holding out the Place beyond all human Probability, that no Man could frame a Wager with any rational Guess; and he having given 30, 50, to 60 *Guineas*, to receive upon ſett Days, the Dog has run them all out, and he has loſt 1000 *Guineas*, beſides the Aſſurance he had of winning twice as much: Now on all Hands Monſieur *Bouffleurs* is to be run down, and ſhould he fall into the Hands of any of theſe Sons of Cruelty, he'd find but very indifferent Quarter—— What ſay you to all this now?

M. The Story is too long, I'll tell you my Opinion in your next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lately Publiſhed,

A New Deſcription of the World, delineating *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Hiſtorical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Langua, ges, Cuſtoms, Commodities, Revolutions and Rareties thereof. By *H. Curſon*, Gent. Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. (Price 2 *s.*)

THE Creditors of King *Charles*, King *James*, and King *William*, are deſir'd to bring in their particular Caſes, that they may be ſtated for the Parliament; they are alſo requeſted to ſee the Petition and to give their Approbation. The Agents for the Army at *London-Derry*, the Cities and Towns of *York*, *Berwick*, *Norwich*, *Ipſwitch*, *Northampton*, *Maidſtone*, *Baſing-ſtoke*, *Midhurſt*, *Hungerford*, *Yerſy*, *Plymouth*, *Newport*, and all Others, concern'd in cloathing the Army in 1677, are deſired to ſend in their Claims, to their Place of Meeting, by the *Parliament ſtairs in Old Pallace-Yard Weſtminſter*; there is a Note on the Door, where Daily Attendance is given, from 9 of the Clock in the Morning till Night, to ſettle the particular Caſes to be laid before the Parliament. All great Debts to the Army, Tranſports, Navy, Victualling-Office, Wardrobe, and all other Great Debts, are excuſed from paying any Charge to carry it on, until they receive their Money.

THE Famous LOZENGES being effectual in all Scorbutick Caſes; they eaſe Pains in the Head and Stomach, cauſe a good Appetite, purifie the Blood, and give ſpeedy Reliefe in Rheumatiſms, Dropſie, and Gout, and totally deſtroy the very Seed of Worms.

They cure Agues and Fevers of all Sorts, give preſent Eaſe in the Cholick, Stone and Gravel, cleanſe the Body after hard Drinking; as alſo after the Small-Pox, Meaſles, and Child-bearing, and are a more genera Cathartick Medicine than any yet known.

Prepar'd only by *R. Owner*, Apothecary, at the Peſtle and Mortar, in *Eaſt Smithfield*.

These

These are to give Notice,

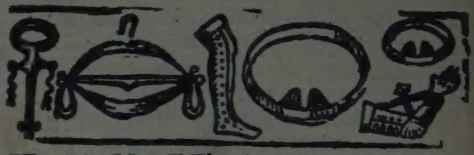
THat MARY KIRLEUS, the Widow of JOHN KIRLEUS, Son of Dr. THO. KIRLEUS, a Sworn-Physician, in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, ores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate VENEREAL Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. *NOTE*, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by sending his Grief in Writing.

†††† *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.*

☞ I *Thomas Pritchard*, at the *Saracens-Head* in *Little Carter Lane*, near St. *Paul's*, *London*, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. *Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*, *London*, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I *Richard Baker*, of *Lawrence-Poltneys Lane*, *Cannonstreet*, *London*, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, at the *Golden Ball* by the Tavern in *Prescot-street* in *Goodman's-Fields*; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son *P. Bartlett* lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.



BARTLETT's Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd So Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlet at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.